

Vox Fluminis

1936

Betty Newcombe



VOX FLUMINIS

RIVERBEND
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

WINNIPEG, CANADA

DEDICATION

To Miss Grant, who has so unsparingly given her time and energy to guide and advise us, we lovingly dedicate the 1936 "VOX FLUMINIS"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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MAURINE STUART, LYDIA KLEIN, ISOBEL HUTCHISON

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MARGARET GRABAN, CATHERINE BINGEMAN, BETTY JO MCCARTEN, HELEN MCLEAN, MARIAN BOOTH

Editorial

APRIL sunshine and April showers warn us that the time is drawing near for the seventh copy of *Vox Fluminis* to go to press. Sighs of relief are heard from the Magazine Staff as the task of encouraging girls to write, assigning the work, collecting advertisements, correcting and copying manuscripts, and compiling the magazine is almost over. However, there are pangs of regret when we realize that weeks of pleasure, in spite of minor worries and disappointments, are drawing to a close.

It is with the aim of keeping, in years to come, some true record of our accomplishments and efforts, our happiness in school activities and friendships that years at Riverbend have afforded us, that we send forth this work. Perhaps a picture, a fragment of a poem, a sentence of a story will bring to you more vividly some elusive memory of your school life. This little book has been an honest effort and we only hope that in reading it you will find as much pleasure as we found in compiling it.

The river flows on around the bends of life. Once again *Vox Fluminis* has been sent forth and we hope that in the future the Magazine Staff will find smooth sailing and a safe port.

RIVERBEND, May, 1936.

Principal's Letter

Dear Girls:

As this is being written, the sun is shining again, and we are beginning to forget the long cold winter. The ice has gone from the river and the grass is growing green; the trees are showing their first brown shoots and the gulls are crying overhead.

With these signs of the re-awakening of the life of spring we welcome once again the *Vox Fluminis.*

Perhaps it is not quite appropriate to compare the return of spring with the re-appearance of the *Vox Fluminis,* for this marks not only a beginning but also an ending. An ending of another school year, with its work and play, its trials and accomplishments, its fears and hopes. And yet these are not ended, they and their influence will carry on into our future life and form the basis on which we shall build, and by which we shall gauge the true value of future experience, and shall give us a real appreciation of the good and beautiful things in life.

For some there will soon come a change. They have finished with school and will be directing their steps in new paths. May the experiences they have had and the lessons they have learned give them confidence to take those first steps boldly, to look forward and upward without fear. May those who are returning to Riverbend be given the courage to uphold the high ideals set by those who have gone before them.

I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation to all those who have given such loyal support to the School, that we look towards the future with confidence.

Yours affectionately,

J. May Carter,
Principal.



1. K. Dunlop
2. Mrs. N. Dempsey
3. E. Shillington
4. D. Rutherford
5. M. Crawshaw
6. J. M. Carter (Principal)
7. Mrs. A. D. Price
8. A. Grant
9. Mrs. Campbell
10. B. Wilson
11. C. M. Laing
12. M. MacDougall
13. Mrs. Munroe
14. D. Henley
15. S. Gregory

School Calendar



Third Term of 1934-1935

May 1 ..... School opened.
May 3 ..... Mrs. Campbell spoke to us.
May 8 ..... Some of our songsters competed in the Festival.
May 17 ..... Old Girls' Day.
May 29 ..... Swimming Meet.
May 31 ..... Garden Party.
June 14 ..... Closing.

First Term of 1935-1936

September 11 ..... School opened.
September 20 ..... House picnics.
September 30 ..... Election of officers.
October 8 ..... Field Day.
October 14 ..... Miss Craw spoke to us.
October 17 ..... Miss Hesson gave us an illustrated talk.
October 18 ..... Roller-skating Party.
November 1 ..... Hallowe'en Party.
November 8 ..... The Special Glee Club sang at a Convention of teachers in St. James.
November 15 ..... Hiking Party.
November 26 ..... Enrolment of Girl Guide Company.
December 12 ..... Doctor Gordon spoke to us.
December 13 ..... Tobogganing Party.
December 19 ..... Senior Play.
December 20 ..... School closed.

Second Term of 1935-1936

January 9 ..... School re-opened.
January 27 ..... Memorial Service for our late sovereign, King George V.
February 14 ..... Basketball game with St. Mary's Academy.
February 21 ..... School Party.
March 5 ..... Basketball game with St. Mary's Academy.
March 20 ..... Gym Display.
April 7 ..... School closed.

Third Term of 1935-1936

April 20 ..... School re-opened.

Senior Muse

ADVENTURES IN THE NORTH
(Prize Winning Story)

THE following is a very exaggerated and comical account of an Arctic, or thereabouts, adventure. It couldn't be anything but foolish since Captain Ezra Pyke is the narrator.

First let me introduce you to the Cap'n. He isn't very tall, in fact, quite the reverse, with a well-fed tummy and a broad, beaming countenance. Despite his very comfortable appearance he has led an exciting life, as he will tell you. His one fault is over-indulgence especially in matters of food. But that needn't worry us since Captain Ezra has just begun one of the stories for which he is famous.

"Yes Sir, those were the good old days! Why I remember away back in 'eighty-six when my crew and I went on a fishing trip in the North Sea Islands. That was when I was Capt'n on the 'Maryland,' the stoutest little ship that ever set out of port.

"Well, we left on Friday morning. It was good sailing until we got north of Labrador and then we struck a gale. There was nothing to do but lower the sails and wait. Unfortunately we had left the anchor behind and had to drift with the waves. Speaking of waves, them's the worst I've ever seen and in my days I've seen plenty. They were bigger'n this here house.

"We drifted for ten days, only God knows where. The only time we came near any fish was the time we were wedged in between two rocks and the fish trying to get us. Once a whale came on board—and, as everyone else was scared, I took the butcher knife and after a terrifice struggle killed the brute.

"We kept on drifting, always farther north, till by this time we'd gone two weeks I had on four pairs of red flannels, two waistcoats, my own trousers as well as the head engineer's, the mate's fur coat and three blankets. As I was saying before, that was the worst shipwreck I've ever been in. Oh, pardon me! I thought I'd told you we were wrecked. Yes Sir! why they even had to take a pair of my red flannels to make a flag. The first pair blew away with the wind, the second was torn and the third fell into the sea. I resolved to keep my last, so they took the blankets and the mate took his fur coat, so there I was stranded in mid ocean with only one pair of red flannels. I assure you I was never sohumiliated in all my life.

"Finally, after drifting for days without a single blessed ship coming within fifteen leagues of us, the men took sick with scurvy. Some of them died leaving only four of us, valiant and hearty seamen. That night we held a meeting and I swore to guide them safely

home. One of them had the nerve to say, 'Even if we have to swim.' I chucked him overboard, a big brute of a fellow. One of the others took ill with scurvy and died next day. The other was frozen to death and there was I alone in the frozen North! My only comfort was that I had the run of the ship's kitchen, but soon even that gave out.

"It was not long before the ship struck an iceberg and sprang a leak in the hold. By that time I was too weak to care whether the old ship went down or not. By and by I felt the water around my ankles and resolved to swim for shore.

"I swam steadily for three hours and the floated, half asleep. The water was paralyzing and once I thought I was a goner when a huge mountain of an iceberg came bearing down upon me. I dove and the thing passed over me. Finally, after two days and nights, I reached shore. I had landed at an Eskimo settlement. A drunken group of them tried to murder me, but I soon made short work of them.

"I was fortunate enough to find a schooner anchored in the harbor on which I returned home."

Thus ends another of Captain Ezra's stories. He is at the present quite peeved since I refuse to believe him,—in fact, to quote him, "So you'd be making a bally ol' liar of me." But nevertheless his good nature or his appetite soon overcame his distaste for my remark.

Frances Heakes, '37;
York Hall.

BUTTERFLIES

Oh! Butterflies, purple and gold,
With your queenly airs and bold;
You, with your wings a sheer delight,
Folded in cobwebby slumber at night.

Oh! Butterflies, yellow and white,
Wrapped in green leaves far out of sight;
When you emerge from your cocoon,
You are as fresh as the bright new moon.

Oh! Butterflies, small and great,
As you come in your season, early or late;
You bring a message of bright good cheer,
That gives us pleasure throughout the year.

Marjorie C. McKinnell, '38;
Garry Hall.

THE NEW NEIGHBOR

HOW she hated that new boy, thought Sally, as she passed his yard on her bicycle for the ninth time. There was the boy, still busy with his hammering, his dog by his side, never once noticing the bicyclist passing and repassing the gate. Sally had failed to attract his attention by motion, but there were other resources.

"Hey!" yelled Sally, "How do you like my new bicycle?"

At last the boy looked up. "It's very nice," he replied, and again continued his work.

"Humph," muttered Sally and rode on; but she wasn't the type to give up so soon and she resolved to try again.

"Want to ride it?" she called over the gate.

"Thanks," was the reply, "But I don't ride."

Sally stopped in amazement. Who ever heard of a boy not being able to ride a bicycle? Recovering from her surprise, she asked:

"Why don't you learn?"

No response; so Sally repeated her question a little louder. Still no answer.

"Can't you hear?" Sally shouted.

"Yes," replied the boy gazing intently at his work.

"Well, why don't you learn to ride?" demanded Sally.

"Because," came the reply ,low and soft, as the boy remained still bent over his work, "because I'm lame."

Sally's active mind went blank. A hot wave swept over her, and tears sprang to her eyes. In a stupor she pushed aside the gate, and advanced slowly. Halting, she sank down beside him. The boy looked up realizing Sally had come in, and a sad smile spread over his face. Sally wanted to return this smile but somehow she just couldn't.

Finally Sally ventured awkwardly: "My name is Sally Watson. What's yours?"

"Peter Burrows. Are you the girl who lives next door?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you live next door," said Peter. "You sort of seem to—to understand," and he fingered his crutch which lay close at hand.

Sally remembered how she had, not even an hour ago, despised Peter. "Will you," she asked, "will you ever be better?"

Peter shook his head and began to stroke his dog.

"This is Lorendavia," said Peter huskily, introducing him. "Lorry, this is Sally Watson, our next door neighbor. Shake hands."

"Lorendavia?" murmured Sally.

"Yes," said Peter. "I call him Lorry for short," and then he dropped his voice to a whisper. "He's a fairy prince, who has been bewitched by his cruel uncle."

"Oh, whispered Sally, looking at Lorry, who was yawning widely. "Will he ever be 'unwitched' again?"

Peter nodded. "You see," he said in a dreamy voice, "Prince Lorendavia always wore a beautiful ring which his great-great-grandmother had given him. This ring is magic, and as long as the Prince wore it nothing could hurt him, but his uncle persuaded him to take off the ring, and when Prince drew off the ring the wicked man immediately transformed him to a puppy, and seized the Prince's kingdom. The magic ring in the meantime had seemingly vanished, and after a vain search the uncle finally decided the ring had disappeared. The ring did not vanish, however, instead it took on the shape of a monstrous beast. One day this beast will kill the uncle, and so break the spell. Lorendavia will resume his princely state, and the wild beast will become the magic ring and return to the finger of the Prince."

Sally had listened enchanted by the tale, fearing to speak lest the story should abruptly end. The shadows lengthened as the sun crept towards the western horizon.

"Sally," said Peter, "someday, someday when I've grown to be a man, I'm going to write a book about a lame boy, only he'll,—he'll get better, and he'll be able to race, and to jump, and——to ride a bicycle. It'll be a famous book like Dickens' and Kipling's, and everyone will read it.

There was another long silence. Then,——"and, Sally, I'm going to dedicate that book to you, because,——because you're the only person who has ever cared about a crippled boy, who can't run, who must just sit,——and dream.

Caroline Harris, '38;
Douglas Hall.

THE FIRST RIDE

Up! Up! Nothing below me, air above—
Mountains appearing, wind sweeping by,
Clouds in the distance, and dust in my eye.
Hands all trembling, breath comes in gasps,
Oh, good heavens! How long will this last?
Whirling and twirling, spinning with a zoom,
"Hold her boys, or we'll hit the moon!"
Soon there's a city, then it is past;
Sinking and sliding, why so fast?
All full of fear, I'm thinking of home:
Slow her down, or you'll be alone!
'Tis only a nightmare.
Am I going to die?
Oh, no! I am living, there's the blue sky.
With half of my senses, and more dead than alive,
The plane has landed! She's lit on her side.

Louie Leistikow, '38;
York Hall.

VENTILATION IN THE SCHOOL ROOM

"CLOSE the windows!" That is the first thing anyone hears on entering the grade nine classroom. The classroom is as divided as two political parties. The half that wants the windows open is known as the "fresh air fiends," and the other group is known as the "grandma group." All day there is a continual feud. All day windows go up and down and the heat goes on and off. This has gone on since September and will probably go on till June—if there is any heat to turn on or if the windows can still go up and down. Freezing or boiling are the two adjectives that are always applied to the grade nine classroom.

MARGARET GRABAN, '38;
York Hall.

PRIZE WINNING POEM

Inspired by a "Free Press" Photograph

"FARMYARD, GONOR, MANITOBA"

F Fronting on the highway, reaching to the "Red,"
A A little plot—snug, homey spot, I snapped as by we sped.
R Rugged 'gainst the north wind, snow-flanked to the sills,
M Mike Robak's house, his barn and shed, the picture partly fill.

Y Yonder in the backyard, windlass topping well,
A And Mike, husband, full pail in hand, water for Rosabel.
R Rosabel, the housewife, out of sight indoors,
D Doubtless engaged with bairns, or broom or other wifely chores.

G Gleam like steel the sky doth, white the dark-roofed walls,
O On every tree, beyond a lea, hoar-frost's clear sheen enthrals.
N Neatly piled the firewood, chimney yielding sparks:
O O'er snowdrift crests, fence-shadows creep, apace comes on the [dark,
R Relieved, how'er, by twinkling stars and new moon's radiant arc.

M Manitoba strange to, born in the Ukraine,
A A gawky youth, this Mike forsooth, unto our country came.
N Nothing then of world's goods, only brawn, and grit,
I In twenty years, this happy home, he gained bit by bit,
T Toiling at the harvests, lab'ring jobs as well,
O On summer nights, young love's delights, wooing Rosabel.
B Blessings on the Robaks, on their neighbors too!
A Accomplishments like theirs reveal what industry will do.

ELEANOR MACINNES, '36;
Douglas Hall.

THE THEATRE BEFORE THE CURTAIN ROSE

AT ten minutes after eight I entered practically an empty auditorium, walked down the wide aisle until I decided that I was somewhere within the vicinity of my place. I then proceeded to count the rows of empty seats, and jerked down into the one I had decided was mine.

I settled myself as comfortably as possible, counting the numerous articles I must hold in my lap; scarf, gloves, purse, handkerchief, program, so that I would have some idea of what I should be carrying when I left. As it was exam-time, I drew out my little speller from my purse, and concealed it in my program. To all intents and purposes I was diligently memorizing the names of the various "Romanova's," "Sedova's" and "Pavlovitchsky's" who were to appear; while I was in reality muttering with an ever-increasing frown the complicated spelling of our even more complicated language.

I was, of course, sitting in an aisle seat, where I had to be prepared to rise at short notice, so that numbers of beaming gentlemen and perfumed ladies might stumble over my feet to their places. While the auditorium was quickly filling, I noticed with a groan that there were to be two fifteen-minute intermissions. I knew, from other performances, that the two girls who were at that moment crawling past my legs, would be in and out four or five times before the evening was over.

From time to time heavy gentlemen and stout women rested their arms heavily upon my shoulder, as they fell over other people's feet in the row behind me.

As I went on to memorize the third column of spelling, I was too busy to gaze around the room and nod at various friends and acquaintances. I was just getting "ecstacy" into my head, e-x-t-a-c-y, when sure enough four or five people were waiting politely for me to rise. As they crossed over my feet, ruining my light shoes, I dropped my program and my handkerchief.

A stout man and his wife marched up the aisle, and, of course, the man "plunked" down ahead of me, so that now all I could see in front was his broad back and bald head. I practised craning my neck to decide which side was the most comfortable to lean on, so that I wouldn't have to find that out after the performance had started. Resigning myself to the fact that I would be able to see only the dancers' heads, and sometimes their arms, I went back to my spelling, only to have to rise for a portly gentleman who jerked down beside me.

Hastily I settled my arm on the narrow arm of the seat before he got his there, and then went through a bad five minutes while he took his coat offi; during the course of which I received several "biffs" in the side from his elbow, and a slap in the face from the sleeve of his coat, which then brushed slowly across my hair. I discovered that my coat had fallen down from the back of the seat,

and, in attempting to put it up again, I found that my neighbor was sitting on a large corner of it. After several vain tugs I gave up trying to pull it out from under him, and settled back in my seat.

Just as I was about to read the title of the first number, the lights went out; I rose for "God Save the King," dropping, this time, only a glove, sat down again, and the curtain rose.

LYDIA KLEIN, '37;
York Hall.

"RIVERBEND"

They start with Miss Crawshaw in grades one and two,
There are some who are old, and some who are new;
In grades three and four, as they take their knocks,
Their guiding hand is our own Miss Vaux.
Miss Gregory looks after the fifth and sixth grades,
And attempts to improve the minds of the maids.
Miss Dunlop has seven and knows how to sew;
Miss Henley's the teacher of grade eight, I know.
Miss Grant devotes energy, patience and time
Teaching and pleading with pupils in nine;
Misses Shillington and Wilson in ten and eleven
Require the patience and wisdom of heaven
To teach girls to study, review, dig and delve
In order to meet Miss Macdougall in twelve.
At Miss Rutherford's work we must take a look,
Both in the gym and the place where they cook.
And last but not least we shall gratefully name
Miss Carter, in charge of our "Hall of Fame."
My verses I close and bring to an end
With three rousing cheers for our "Riverbend."

DOROTHY FORSYTH, '36;
York Hall.

OUR PREFECTS

We love our prefects at Riverbend,
They play the game and faithfully tend
Their duties, both at work and play,
So well, that we can safely say,
"Here's to Shirley, June and Dossie,
Betty and Edna—and none of them saucy.
Long may they live in health and prosperity,
And their names and their fame go down to posterity.

DOROTHY FORSYTH, '36;
York Hall.

ODE TO STUDENTS

With apologies to Mathew Arnold
(The Forsaken Merman)

Come you students, let us away!
Away from book and pen.
For who can help from going astray
When the spring has come again,
With the robin and the wren
Now the southern breezes play
Across the sky, once cold and gray;
One and all, let us away!
This way! This way!

Come you students, wipe off the frown,
Toil no more.
One last look at teacher and gown,
The bottle of ink, just spilt on the floor,
Then come down—
(You can not learn though you strive all day)
To the bay—come away!

Students, could it have been yesterday
That we heard a teacher say
Exams will be coming any day?
Through the turmoil and the swell
We heard the sound of the recess bell?
Or were we in a fitful sleep
Among tall grasses cool and sweet,
Where angry eyes would never gleam
If it might even hopeless seem
Some Algebra and History pound
Into your head 'till it "struck ground"
Or where if e'er your Chemistry
Is not as good as it should be
You could not come back Saturday?
But the week-end is over, we cannot stay,
So we must return for ever and aye.

Ruth Wood, '36;
Douglas Hall.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG—Moore.

THE sun was quickly setting in the west when my friends and I were paddling slowly homeward after a long, hard day of work. We were singing and keeping time to our paddles when, out through the quiet of the evening, we heard the familiar chime of our own home church, Saint Anne. There was still some distance to travel before reaching our destination, so I urged my comrades to quicken

their paddles. The clear, pure chimes were beginning to make us feel homesick; also darkness was rapidly falling and the dangerous rapids were still ahead to be safely passed. The water was calm and clear as a mirror; the pine trees rose sedately and reflected their strong arms in the deep water; the birds were settling in their nests ready for a good night's rest. Everything was becoming quieter, which gave us a feeling of satisfaction that cannot be put into words. The moon was rising over the opposite horizon and the first stars were dimly beginning to twinkle in the heavens. The rapids are drawing nearer so,

"Row my friends! or darkness will surround us and we shall be at the mercy of the rapids."

We murmur a humble prayer to our Patron Saint in whom we put our trust.

"Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
Grant us cool heaven and favoring airs."

CATHERINE BINGEMAN, '39;
Garry Hall.

HOW THE GOPHER GOT HIS STRIPES

JOHNNIE GOPHER was an inquisitive little fellow. He was always getting into trouble. Johnnie lived at the edge of the village of Rabbitsford.

One morning in spring, Johnnie came out of his hole in the ground to find a newcomer building his house in the ditch near the road. Johnnie, of course, wanted to know all the details.

"I'll go around and peek in later on, when the house is built," he vowed.

One week later the house was completed. The day after Johnnie heard sounds which greatly piqued his curiosity, sounds of tinkling glass, sizzling, steaming, crackling. He stole across the road and peeked in at one of the windows. A little black furry animal with two white stripes down his back, was standing in front of rows of test-tubes. In his paw he held a field mouse. In his other paw was a brush and near him was a tube of what looked like petrified paint. In an instant Johnnie, too, was petrified. The animal turned round and saw him!

Johnnie was conscious of a desire to breathe pure air. Blackness descended.

When he woke up, he found himself on a table with the animal bending over him, brush poised in mid-air. Johnnie gathered that he was to be used instead of the field mouse. The animal told him that he was testing a new permanent dye. Johnnie was turned over and painted. Blackness descended again.

When Johnnie woke up he was in his own house, in his own bed. He got up and rushed to the nearest mirror. His beautiful

golden-brown coat had two black stripes down the middle of it!

Johnnie tried everything to remove the stripes—Bon Ami, patent corn cures, soap and water—all to no avail. The stripes would not disappear and there they remain until this day.

Joyce Johnston, '40;
Douglas Hall.

THE STAR

Vibrant star out in the west;
Silver dew-drop from the sea,
Put in heaven by nature's artist
Just to look down here at me.

Even tho' the dark surrounds you,
And at dawn you fade away.
I imagine you are dancing,
Dancing, on your merry way.

Come back tomorrow evening,
In all your silver sheen;
And tell me of your travels,
And things I've never seen.

Louie Leistikow, '38;
York Hall.

RIVERBEND FORTY YEARS HENCE

HERE I sit a confirmed old maid of fifty-four propelling this dear little gyro of mine in the vicinity of Winnipeg. I just happened to be looking through some of my old diaries the other day and the ones of 1935 and 1936 reminded me of those good old days back at Riverbend in Winnipeg, so I decided to come back and have a look at the place.

Here we are—not bad time, five hundred miles an hour. They have a few additions since the days I was here. How time slips by.

"Could I look around your school, please?"

"Why, yes, of course. Would you like to see Miss Carter?"

"Miss Carter! By all means!"

What's this I see! Why the dear old school has turned modern. All these fixtures are quite the newest thing and the furniture—well, I say, I wish I had a few of our old class back here to see the place.

It sounds as if someone was tearing down those stairs at an awful rate. Everything for speed these days. Well, blow me down, as Pinny used to say, if it wasn't——.

"How do you do, Miss Carter?" (She still has the same old pep.)

Here we are over in the school building. These classrooms are certainly not much like they were when we used to be in them. Just look at those uniforms—blue cellophane. That's all right for this time of year.

That voice sounds familiar. You say that little girl is June Edmison's granddaughter? I remember the days we used to stand around singing "Get Along Little Doggie" and June was ring-leader.

So this is the new swimming pool. What we wouldn't have given for that in our young days. Well do I remember all the plans we used to make for one.

Where are those girls going? Flying. Oh, yes, this is Wednesday afternoon. And that's Morna Kenny's grandchild going riding. She inherited that love for horses, eh?

Do you have many boarders, Miss Carter? You say there are no boarders, they all fly to school every morning from where they are. That's nice for them. It eliminates a lot of lonesomeness. It frees you from a lot of trouble, too, no doubt.

Did you hear that wee one over there reminding her class about bringing money? The school may change its appearance but the some old traits outlive the years!

MAURINE STUART, '36;
York Hall.



SONGS WITHOUT (THEIR) WORDS

~

WILLA HARVEY

"Little, but independent,"
Ella's our own President;
And a very competent
Library Assistant.

DOROTHY McLAREN

It's her old Saskatchewan custom
When she's walking on her feet
To put her toes before her
Don't you think that's kind of sweet?

FRANCES TEAKLES

"Sweet and low"
And with glances;
"Sorry I can't
Hear you Frances."

ISOBEL HUTCHISON

"They asked me how I knew"
That my rhymes were true,
I to them replied
Of mockings here inside
Told me they'd have to do.

DOROTHY FORSYTH

The mischief goes 'round 'n 'round
And she pops up here;
On the first pun you sit down
Her jokes are all renowned—
You'll hear more of them, I fear.

MARGARET ROSS

"Can a little child like me"
Have some coffee or some tea?
No, oh, no, but milk will do
And some chocolate biscuits, too!





1. Gwen Ramsay
2. Maurine Stuart
3. Molly Moscarella
4. Dossie MacLean
5. June Edmison
6. Shirley Muddiman (Head Girl)
7. Edna Pinfold
8. Betty Moxon
9. Eleanor MacInnes
10. Dora Marchant
11. Ruth Wood

Name	Favorite Saying	As she would like to appear	As she does appear	Chief Interest	Ambition	20 Years Later	Pet Aversion
1. Molly Moscarella	"You've got me buffaloed"	Professional golfer	Anything but	Golf	Reporter	Office girl	Free Press
2. Gwen Ramsay	"Yes, m'love"	With a new roadster	Boarding a street car	Trying to get the car	To obey her impulses	Throwing pies at someone	Magazine
3. Maurine Stuart	"Don't forget your money"	Dramatic	Fanatic	Knitting	Mad genius	Mad	Going to bed
4. Dossie MacLean	"Wah-hoo!"	Innocent	Angelic	Contracting diseases	To be fat	Fat and forty	Exams
5. Shirley Muddiman	'Learn the next vocabulary	On her toes	Absent-minded	Sports	Psychiatrist	In the hands of one	Those who don't collect pound
6. June Edmison	'I've got a new joke"	Mysterious	Obvious	That full-back	To be Mrs. Full-back	Raising All-Americans	Freckles
7. Betty Moxon	"That's stupid"	Tall	Short	Red hankies	To have a model kindergarten	Teaching kinder-garten	Baseball
8. Edna Pinfold	"Shuck"	Calm	Perpetual motion	Learning to drive	Scientist	Raising perpetual motions	Boarding
9. Eleanor MacInnes	"Well, I don't care"	Master of Latin	Not quite	Giggling	To teach Miss Wilson	Attorney-at-law	Homework
10. Ruth Wood	"Oh, gee, I don't know"	Indifferent	Modest	Listening to Tarzan	To yell like Tarzan	Botanical gardens, watching the birds	Reading in class
11. Dora Marchant	"Pardon me, but"	To be on time	Seldom	Amateur actress	Second Katherine Cornell	Stooge to Zazu Pitts	Studying
12. Class	"It doesn't seem that long"	Intelligent	Not very	Sidetracking teachers	To be recommended	Still in Grade XI	Glee Club

Room Notes

GRADE X

THE BABY—THEIR MASCOT

(With apologies to Tennyson)

Between the road and river lie
Three buildings clear against the sky,—
In one are girls who moan and sigh,—
And in its midst a hall runs by
  Towards rooms where they get taught.
And up and down the grade tens go
Cramming what they ought to know,
And when exams come—what a blow!
  Alas, they have forgot!

And in their classroom all the year
There is a picture hanging near
The board where notices appear—
An infant with a mirror clear—
  The baby—their mascot.
Reflected in the mirror, girls,
(With tunics short and fuzzy curls,
Each working till her brain just whirls)
  Sprawl, looking very hot.

There's Frances, who is still quite new,
There's Winnifred with eyes of blue,
And Constance measuring five feet-two,
With Marilyn who's tiny too—
  In fact, she's just a dot.
Vivian is tall and fair,
Janet still prefers long hair,
Pat was lately in despair—
  It was the mumps she'd caught.

The president is Agnes, tall,
Betty's famed at basketball,
Morna writes for Douglas Hall,
While Lydia remembers all
  The lessons she's been taught.
The baby sees another sght—
Miss Shillington in manner bright
Teaching tens with great delight,
  To learn, they'd rather not.

Who are these, and what's their fear?
For in the sunny classroom near
Dies the sound of happy cheer,
"Exams for tens will soon be here
To write them is their lot.
The classroom's now a busy place,
We'll leave them for a little space,
God in his mercy lend them grace,"
Quoth baby, their mascot.

GRADE IX

We'd like to show you our grade nine—
A roomful bossed by Caroline,—
Miss Grant, form mistress of our grade,
With patience does our troubles aid;
There's Judy, one of the Bennett pair,
And Marg, who finds exams a care.
Another Marg is a hockey fan;
Mary Rose and she talk as much as they can.
Oh, Iris is our swimmer strong;
And Lois shows her skill in song.
Ruth and Louie a pair do make,
For noise and mischief they take the cake.
Pat Veysey looks across and winks
At Phoebe who keeps us all in kinks.
Verna is good at basketball;
And Eleanor southward came, last fall.
Peggy and Pat are tops in the class,
Their motto is, "We work to pass."
Our Marjorie's two musicians are;
In studies to, they are much above par.
Anne and Mary came this year
As boarders, and we're glad they're here.
Our Titian Julie draws with skill;
And Jean can pick up tunes at will.
In skating and diving no one can surmount
Our two famous athletes, Dowler and Lount.
By next year we'll have learned (we think)
That floors are not improved by ink;
That books and blazers left around
Will always find their way to Pound;
That boards are really black, not grey,
If someone cleans them every day;
That when we want our friends about
To hear us, we don't have to shout!
Soon we'll be called (we dare to state)
The model class of '38.

OMAR'S PROPHECY FOR GRADE VIII

Barbara Allen—Singing the Opera "Carmen" before the King in Covent Gardens.

Catherine Bingeman—With mumps again.

Maria Kipp—Being presented to Hitler.

Hope Anstie—Selling vegetables at a market (due to the fact of having married a "phoney" count).

Anna May Coghill—Back in Calgary among the Blackfoot Tribe.

Joan Davidson—Winning a baby prize at a Toronto contest.

Katharine Potter—A model for one of the smart Paris shops.

Shirley McLean—Nelson Eddy's stooge.

Kathleene Benner—Making love to Haille Selassie.

Roberta Jean McQueen—Riding the winning horse in the Kentucky Derby.

Phyllis Chester—Mrs. Charles Butterworth.



GRADE VII CLASS NOTES

Name	Age	Nick-Name	Pet Saying	Hobby	Noted for	Ambition
Gloria Brown	13	Clo	Egad	Skating	Giggling	Artist
Janet Edgar	14		Tisky-wisky	Collecting Fedora feathers	Affection for Mary MacKay, Grade I	
Phyllis Hunter	13	Felix	Chrisopher Columbus	Exciting scenes	Her Planter's warts	Authoress
Joyce Johnston	12	Jenny	So wot?	Cat hospital	Talking	Clothes designer
Betty Jo McCarten	12	Jetty Bo	Swear, swear	Playing Jack	Her new shoes	To go to Europe
Marguerite McDonald	12	Mugs	Listen here	Dogs	Clanking heels	Piano player
Mary McLeod	11		Moses in the bull-rushes	Sharing the "A-Poo" variety	Poetical moods	Private secretary
Doris Pelkey	14	Pelkey	Dust my Derby	Her curls	Writing notes	Nurse
Ann Phelps	11		Practice what you preach	Spilling ink	Paint water	College professoress
Joan Sanderson	12	Johnny	Sshush, girls	Autographs	Athletics	To reduce
Barbara South	13	Bubbles	Oh! Susannah	Knitting	Blowing "bubbles"	Secretary

GRADE V AND VI PLAY

GRADES V AND VI were delighted with the idea of having classroom plays for it gave every girl in the room an opportunity to act. The choosing of the play proved quite a problem, but once we heard "Rumplestiltskin" read we knew what we wanted to produce.

During the course of preparation we met several difficulties. Some leading characters would be sick and absent for ten days, which considerably delayed our progress. However, at the time of writing, we feel almost ready for Tuesday afternoon, May 12, and are looking forward to our opportunity to show our mothers and friends what an enjoyable little play "Rumplestiltskin" is.

The cast is as follows:

Miller	Margaret Jean Daly
King	Barbara Ann King
Miller's Daughter	Marion Booth
Rumplestiltskin	Joan Harris
Page	Joan Francis
Baker	Winnifred Ruth McIntyre
Farmer	Rosamond Esling
Old Woman	Lorna Aikins
Goose Girl	Elizabeth Gilchrist
Huntsman	Shirley Pinfold
Councillor	Helen Palk
Nurse	Margaret Winstanley

Dwarfs: Ruth Sanderson, Daphne Stanley-Harris, Helen McLean, Jane Lee, Anne Forlong, Isobel Bilton.

GRADES III AND IV

THE fairy play "Golliwog in Fairyland or How Edward The Teddy Bear Became a Knight" was presented by Grades III and IV in May. The cast was large and some of the girls took double or triple parts. The costumes were greatly enhanced through the efforts of Nancy Wallick, who supervised the making of the flowers used in the play. Some of the scenery was kindly loaned by the T. Eaton Co., the remainder was made by the girls. The cast hopes that the audience received as much pleasure in seeing it as they did in presenting it.



SPECIAL GLEE CLUB

The Specal Glee Club is a group of girls specially chosen from the Senior Glee Club. In all there are twenty members. The group first sang at the Teachers' Convention in St. James. They sang a group of five songs. The girls belong to the Junior Musical Club, and in this connection have sung over the radio and at a meeting of the club. At present they are preparing to sing at the Musical Competition Festival. Already Iris Norman has won great success by coming first in her class. We only hope that the rest of the girls will have the same success. Much credit and praise is due Mrs. Dempsey who has carefully coached the girls and kept up their spirits by her own enthusiasm. We hope we will hear more from the girls after their work at the Festival.

Janet Bartholemew, '37;
York Hall.

THE SENIOR PLAY

This year the Senior Dramatic Club produced Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol," under the capable direction of Miss Carter. The part of Scrooge was admirably portrayed by Shirley Muddiman, who was supported by an able cast. The charming musical background was supplied by Mrs. Dempsey and the Senior Glee Club. A large audience was in attendance and their approval was shown by their hearty response.

Maurine Stuart, '36;
York Hall.

"FRIDAY NIGHTS"

LAST year the only Friday night "get-together" that was held was such a success that it was decided, with Miss Carter's permission, to have more of them this year. Accordingly, not long after school began we held our first, on the eighteenth of October. The Senior teachers were invited and grades nine, ten, eleven and twelve. We all met at the School and went together to the Winnipeg Rink. Not many had been on roller-skates before but it did not take long for the beginners to get their "skating-legs." We returned to the School for refreshments, after which we danced in the gym.

The next "Friday night" was held on the fifteenth of November, in the form of a hike. This time the Junior teachers were invited

and again we set out from the School. We hiked along the river bank and, usual, were glad to get back to the School for something to eat. The Grade Tens did dishes this time because the Elevens had done them the last time.

The thirteenth of December was the next occasion and as it was good tobogganing weather we decided to toboggan on our own river banks. This time Miss Carter was with us. Miss Wilson did not feel the bumps, though we did our best to help her. Miss Grant admitted that she felt the bumps very much in certain spots.

Our last party before the term ended, was on the seventeenth of January. This time we stayed at the School to skate. It was a very cold night and not many came skating.

Two more "Friday Nights" are planned before school closes in June and we are sure that they will prove to be as much fun as the others were.

BETTY MOXON, 36:
York Hall.

THE SCHOOL DANCE

Miss Carter delightfully entertained at a dance in honor of grades ten, eleven and twelve, on February 21st. The dance, at which Col. and Mrs. J. Y. Reid and Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Walton were patrons and patronesses, was held in the Middle House. Varicolored balloons and golden daffodils were the only decoration and they were used very effectively. A charming buffet supper was served and, afterwards, the dance was continued 'till shortly after midnight.

GWEN RAMSAY, '36;
Garry Hall.

"A DAY OF SMALL THINGS" IN "THE HOUSE OF PRIDE"

7:15	"Les Miserables."
7:40	"Morning Glory."
8:25	"Great Expectations."
8:30	"The Royal Road to Romance."
9:00-1:00	"Sense and Sensibility."
1:10	"Thundering Herd."
2:00-3:00	"Taken By the Hand."
3:00-3:15	"Here, There and Everywhere."
3:15-4:30	"The Strenuous Life."
4:30-6:00	"This Freedom."
6:00-6:30	"Blinds Down."
6:30-7:00	"Magnificent Obsession."
7:00-7:30	"What Shall We Do Now?"
7:30-9:00	"The Man and the Book."
9:00-9:30	"The Proper Place."
9:30	"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

MAURINE STUART, 36;
York Hall.



Sports



THE GYM DISPLAY

IS THERE "nothing new under the sun"? If you think the answer to that question is "no" then you were not among the parents and interested friends of Riverbend who crowded into every available inch of space in the gymnasium on Friday, March 20th, to witness the annual "Gym Display."

And what was new? Well, nearly everything,—new faces in the kindergarten and indeed in every grade,—new dances,—new music,—new exercises (one a very clever inspiration from the Olympic games), new apparatus (a spring-board and parallel bars acquired this year),—and newest of all new things, the smart-looking pleated gym shorts that arrived just in time to be worn at the display.

The programme, too long unfortunately, to be included here, consisted of exercises and dancing by all grades, a play by Grade VI, and apparatus work by the Junior and Senior groups. There was evidenced throughout not only individual achievement but splendid co-operation and "team-work" in every grade.

The last number, a grand march by Grades VII to XII, brought much applause as the girls formed the letters R. S. and the river which make up the Riverbend crest. Then came the final square formation around the gymnasium.

Miss Rutherford was presented with a bouquet of spring flowers;—God Save the King was sung, and the "march out" concluded another very successful "Gym Display" at Riverbend School.

AGNES RICHARDSON, '37;
Garry Hall.

BASKETBALL

Basketball, as usual, played a very important part in the life of Riverbend this year. The girls have practised very enthusiastically and have done their best for their teams.

The players on the first team were: Betty Newcombe, jump; Lydia Klein, Gwen Ramsay, Betty Moxon, defence; Shirley Muddiman, side centre; Louie Leistikow, June Edmison, forwards. The second team players were. Edna Pinfold, Verna MacLachlan, jumps; Dossie MacLean, Mary Rose Mackenzie, forwards; Agnes Richardson, Iris Norman, Morna Kenny, defence; Dorothy Forsyth, side centre.

So far we have played only two games, both with St. Mary's Academy. The first was at Riverbend. The scores were,—first team 12, 14 (for Riverbend), and second team 12, 2 (for St. Mary's). The second was played at St. Mary's Academy. The scores were,—first team 18, 14 (for St. Mary's), and second team 18, 12 (also in favor of St. Mary's).

We enjoyed both games very much. We were not always victorious but the spirit of the games made them enjoyable.

We are looking forward to two games with Ruperts Land, some house games, and also one with the Riverbend Staff. Next year someone will tell you about them, and I am sure they will be remembered with as much pleasure as they are being anticipated.

We are all very grateful to Miss Rutherford, who gave her time and energy so generously and graciously for the good of the teams. We deeply regret that she will not be with us next year.

June Edmison, '36;
York Hall.



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—Gwen Ramsay, Lydia Klein, Louie Leistikow, Betty Newcombe.
Second Row—Betty Moxon, Dorothy Rutherford (Coach), June Edmison.
Missing—Shirley Muddiman.



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right)—Verna MacLachlan, Mary Rose Mackenzie, Agnes Richardson, Edna Pinfold.
Front Row—Dorothy Forsyth, Dorothy Rutherford (Coach), Dossie MacLean, Iris Norman.

BADMINTON

Badminton was played this term with great enthusiasm. The club was successfully formed under the direction of Miss Rutherford, who was later appointed Honorary President. Dorothy Forsyth was elected President, with Maurine Stuart as Business Manager. The tournament of "Doubles" was arranged for February 18th. There were thirty entries in the tournament, mostly from Grades IX, X, XI and XII. The four contestants in the final round were Maurine Stuart and Dorothy Forsyth (York Hall) against Betty Newcombe and Isobel Hutchison (Garry Hall). The final game was exciting and well played, each team doing its best. After a very close game the winners were Betty Newcombe and Isobel Hutchison.

The Badminton Club has met with such approval this year that we sincerely hope it will be continued.

Molly Moscarella
Dossie MacLean.

AN HOUR WITH THE GUIDES

THIS scene is enacted by the youngest company of Guides in Winnipeg, and I am sure the merriest. We are known as the 65th Company and are proud of it. We owe much to our captain-Miss Vaux, and our lieutenant, Miss Isabel MacArthur. They have had great patience with us, inexperienced as we are. It has not been easy to organize this new company. Of course, as yet everything is not up to the standard, but it is remarkable the amount of work that has been carried out.

Since the formation of the company we have succeeded in establishing a reputation for ourselves. We came out first in the swimming races, and attained fifth place in the skating competition. We have found it interesting fun working for badges, making patrol boxes, flags and various other articles, and are looking forward with enthusiasm to the bright prospects before us.

. . . . . .

What a confusion and scramble in the locker room at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon! On inquiry one finds that the girls in navy blue uniforms are busied with last-minute preparations before climbing up the stairs to join the rest of the company in the gym.

Entering the gym one sees a frolicking game of tag commence, a very perplexed girl bending over a book, and two others shouting loudly in order to hear each other above the noise.

A long blast of the whistle is followed by an unnatural silence. Another whistle signal and the four patrol leaders—Betty Newcombe, Roberta Jean McQueen, Peggy Murray, and Shirley McLean—hurry to the lieutenant. Then at the command "Company, fall in!" the rest of the guides form up in their four patrols—the Canary, the Oriole, the Scarlet Tanager, and the Bluebird.

Inspection, and alas for the forgetful one who didn't remember! Strict is our lieutenant about tidiness. A Girl Guide must always be neat. Each patrol is very anxious to win Inspection, as a reward goes to the best patrol.

In the form of a horseshoe we receive our orders for the day, after which we "fall out," and go to our patrol corners, where we commence to work. in order to pass tests. A Girl Guide is taught nature study, the Morse code, flags, knots, bandages, and many other useful things. The ambition of every Guide is to wear a string of well-earned badges on the sleeve of her uniform.

Games now begin, and the competition between the patrols is great. A variety of exciting races is always ready, and there is never a dull moment. The whistle calls for silence. The games are over, and we once more assume our work.

The end of the hour draws nearer. We gather around our realistic camp-fire to sing "Taps."

"Good night, Guides," says the captain.

"Good night, Captain," echo the Guides.

CAROLINE HARRIS, '38;
Douglas Hall.

BROWNIES

Our latest venture is the formation of a Brownie Pack. The first meeting was held on Friday, May 8th, with Miss Erma Wellband as the Brown Owl. We wish the Brownies every success in their new undertaking.



GIFTS

WE, the girls of Riverbend, are glad to have this opportunity of telling the friends of the school just how much we appreciate their kindness and generosity to us this year.

Perhaps the most used and most appreciated of their gifts has been the springboard given to us by the Advisory Council. This and the parallel bars lent by Mrs. J. A. Richardson have made the gym classes even more interesting and enjoyable than before.

Gifts of books from Mrs. Richardson and Miss Helen Palk have been placed in the newly-formed Junior Library, and that of Dr. Daniel McIntyre in the French section. We should like also to thank Miss Palk, Morna Kenny, and Margaret and Judy Bennett for books added to the Senior Library. Thanks to the efforts of our own Grade VIII, whose zeal resulted in a most successful Fish Pond, the Library has been increased by over twenty books. Such enterprise should be commended—and, we hope, imitated!

May we suggest both to friends and to girls that when next you houseclean your shelves, the Riverbend Library will be waiting with open doors to receive any books ready to be passed on.

Thank you again for all your thoughtfulness.

Field Day

Events	First	Second	Third
Kindergarten Race	Diane Dinnen	Joan Carruthers	Diane Gardner
Kindergarten, High Jump	Joan Carruthers and Diane Gardner	Diane Dinnen	
Race (Grades I and II)	Doris Donnelly	Lois Donnelly	Gail Graham
High Jump (Grades I and II)	Lois Donnelly, Gail Graham	Eleanor Hall	
Race (Grades III and IV)	Eleanor South	Betty Johnston	Doreen Gibson
High Jump (Grades III and IV)	Eleanor South	Joan Ross	Doreen Gibson
Relay (Grades I, II, III and IV)	York	Garry	Douglas
Junior Race (Grades V and VI)	Barbara Ann King	Helen Palk	W. R. McIntyre and M. Winstanley
High Jump (Grades V and VI)	Barbara Ann King	Marion Booth	Jane Lee and Margaret Winstanley
Junior Relay (Grades V and VI)	Douglas and Garry		York
Junior Standing Broad Jump	Marian Booth	Daphine Harris	Jane Lee
Junior Running Broad Jump	Barbara Ann King	Ann Forlong	Jane Lee
Intermediate Race	Margaret Graban	Louie Leistikow	Margaret Dowler
Intermediate High Jump	Margaret Graban	Louie Leistikow	Margaret Dowler
Intermediate Baseball Throw	Ferne Lount	Mary Rose Mackenzie	Jean McFarlane
Intermediate Standing Broad Jump	Margaret Graban	Louie Leistikow	Maria Kipp
Intermediate Running Broad Jump	Margaret Graban	Louie Leistikow	Ferne Lount
Senior Dash	Dorothy Forsyth	Willa Harvey	Shirley Muddiman
Senior High Jump	Lydia Klein	Ruth Wood	Betty Newcombe
Senior Obstacle Race	Lydia Klein and Vivian Keeler	Marilyn Wilson and Eleanor MacInnes	Judy Bennett and Betty Newcombe
Senior Running Broad Jump	Dorothy Forsyth	Shirley Muddiman	Betty Newcombe
Senior Standing Broad Jump	Lydia Klein	Betty Newcombe	Dorothy Forsyth
Senior Baseball Throw	Dorothy Forsyth	Gwen Ramsay	Dossie MacLean
Slow Bicycle Race	Gloria Brown	Mary Harris	Betty Jo McCarten
Archery	Caroline Harris	Mary Harris	

Junior Muse

(Prize Winning Story)

PASSERS BY

ON an August morning I sat on a little rustic seat on Winters Street in London, and watched the passers by.

First came a man. He was selling roses. He had a kind-looking face and a merry smile. He seemed to be glad when any person bought a rose.

Soon I saw a grand carriage appear. It was slowing down. A fine lady stepped out. The man who was selling the roses said, "Madam, would you buy a rose?" With a haughty turn of the head the lady said, "I can't be bothered with peddlers," and stepped into the carriage. The man looked a little hurt but was not down-hearted. He still went on with his cry "Roses, roses, who will buy fresh roses?"

Next came a little boy and girl. They were walking with their kind-faced nurse. The little girl looked up at her nurse and said, "Nursey, let's take Mommy home a rose." The rose was purchased and on they went.

I waited quite a while before anyone came. Then I saw a one-armed soldier. He stopped right in front of me and began to draw pictures on the pavement. Some were of children, some of cats and dogs. When he drew a clock, with the hand pointing to twelve, I was suddenly reminded that I had promised mother that I would be on time for lunch, so I must leave my passers-by for another day.

HELEN PALK, Grade V;
York Hall.

BIOGRAPHY OF A PIECE OF PAPER

I WILL not tell you my whole life story but I will start when I was a piece of paper.

I was just a sheet of paper in a box, with my family and relations on a store counter.

One day I heard somebody say, "Yes, just a box of note paper, please," and somebody walked over our way, and when anybody comes near us we shake with fright. Well this time we had a reason, for we were picked and sold, as one of us remarked, just like slaves. We were taken to a place and left for a couple of days. Then one day two of my cousins disappeared and then one of my aunts. After that so many of us disappeared that I lost count. I was at the

bottom of the box and so was the last to go. I waited and soon I was taken out and scratched all over, with dirty black stuff and posted. You can imagine my disgust at being shut up in an envelope. It was a long journey and I was sent from one place to another before I was released from the envelope. Then I heard a man say, "This goes to the dead letter office," and I was taken into a room with a furnace in it. I quite believe a man who said, "A waste of good paper." And so here I am,—ashes.

MARGARET WINSTANLEY, Grade VI;
York Hall.

MY PETS

I have a little kitten
Her name is Fluff,
When winter comes around
She always wears a muff.

I have a little doggie
His name is Teddy,
He always comes around
When his dinner is ready.

I have a little pony
His name is Flash,
He loves to gallop and trot
And make an awful dash.

PAT CHESSHIRE, Grade III;
Garry Hall.

SNOW FAIRY

I have many different names
But I call myself Snow Fairy.
You can see, and sometimes hear me
As I fly against your face.

I have many different cousins
But I'm the gentlest of them all,
For Jack Frost is a cruel fellow
Always nipping, always biting,
Always painting pretty pictures
On the cold and frozen windows.

Hoar Frost is a pretty chap
But also sometimes cruel.
He like Jack Frost is an artist,
For he paints the trees and fence-posts
All ashining, glittering white.
After painting all the trees
They look like solid blocks of ice
Instead of growing trees.
But though these two are pretty chaps
Don't you like me best?

HELEN MCLEAN, Grade V;
York Hall.

MY DOLLS

I've only got a small number of dolls. There used to be three in the family but one died. My biggest doll is unbreakable. She hasn't eyes that open and close. Why, I almost forgot to tell you her name. It is a lovely name. Her name is Joan Johnston. She has curly brown hair and big brown eyes. She is rather on the fat side but she's cute. My other doll is smaller. She has real hair. It is made into bangs but is rather tousled. Her name is Louise Johnston. I hope I have them till I grow up.

BETTY JOHNSTON, Grade IV;
York Hall.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PAIR OF SHOES

One bright starry night a little calf was born in a cozy barn. On the soft hay it lay, and the calf loved it. It was content. But this quiet, peaceful night soon went and everything was alive and noisy. The calf's mother was taken out to pasture and about a week after the calf was allowed to go with her.

A year later it was taken to a slaughter house and killed. The skin was made into shoes. One particular pair of shoes was polished brown, and put in a shop-window and left there for a week. One day a tall young man came along and bought the pair of shoes. They were sent in a big truck to a house in one of the suburbs.

One day they were taken to a shop where taps were put on. For two hours every day these shoes were used. They did not mind it for they were well kept.

ROSAMOND ESLING, Grade VI;
York Hall.

Junior Prize Winning Poem

A SPRING DAY

Tulips and robins herald the spring,
The tulips wave, and the robins sing.
The leaves which are green slide onto the trees,
They wave and wave in the humming breeze.
The trees branch up in the loveliest way,
And stay near the sky till the end of the day.
At night it becomes so blue all around,
That if you went hunting, not a bird could be found.
At this it ends the pretty day
"It's very beautiful," I must say.

NANCY WALLICK, Grade IV;
Douglas Hall.

THE RABBIT

I had a little rabbit
Down where the lilies blow,
I fed him and I fed him
And then I let him go.

KATHLEEN RICHARDSON, Grade III;
York Hall.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL GIRL

Summer is over, winter snow comes
With history, geography and terrible sums,
Making me tired and all of a whirl.
This is the lot of a little school girl.

DAPHNE HARRIS, Grade IV;
Garry Hall.

SUNDAY AT CAMP

Sunday at camp is always a delightful day.

The gong goes at eight o'clock, which means that we have to get washed and dressed. We then walk one quarter of a mile up to Crofty, where we have flag raising and "the thought for the day." Then we all troop in for breakfast, "Dinty" going first, then the Counsellors and the toppers and finally the campers. After we learn the programme for the day we have an exciting time receiving our mail from Gladys, the camp secretary. We now leave Crofty and go back to our cabins, where we can read our mail and write letters.

At eleven o'clock the gong goes for church, which is held at the lodge, on a rainy day inside, but usually outside in a wooded grove.

Ot one o'clock we go back to Crofty, where we have a full course dinner. After dinner we rest for two hours. Then we go to the end of the trail to see if our "nose bags" are there. If they are, each girl takes a little brown bag containing a half-pint bottle of milk, sandwiches, cake and some kind of fruit for dessert. When we gather together all the girls who want to come, we can either take the rowboats or tramp through the woods to some neighboring bay where we eat the contents of our nose bags. At seven o'clock we return to the lodge for a sing-song around the camp fire.

At nine' o'clock or when the tide is in, we go for a "skinny." After our skinny we dry ourselves beside a bonfire and then retire.

SHIRLEY M. PINFOLD, Grade VI;
Garry Hall.

SHOPPING IN WINNIPEG

When you go to Eaton's
And buy a hat that's new
You always think of something else
That sometimes bothers you.

When you go out shopping
And arrive at the Hudson's Bay,
You choose your wares and pay with cash
'Tis much the better way.

Then to Woolworth's store you go,
For no matter where you've been
Great treasures you will surely find
At the five, ten and fifteen.

ANNE FORLONG, Grade VI;
Garry Hall.

SUSIE ANN

I have a doll named Susie Ann,
She always is so solemn,
Whenever she is in a class,
She never keeps in column.

And when I take her for a trip,
She paddles in the rain,
She gets her hands and feet all wet,
And then we miss the train.

Then, when we finally get in town,
Her friends are all away,
She wails and cries and will not stop,
Oh dear me, what a day!

NANCY WALLICK, Grade IV;
Douglas Hall.

A FUNNY ELF

There is a little Elf
Who is fond of himself
He follows his nose
Wherever he goes
It's a wonder he doesn't get hurt.

He ran into a tree
And said, "Oh, dear me!
My nose is as flat
As the wing of a bat.
I really must be more alert."

ELEANOR SOUTH, Grade IV;
Garry Hall.

PUSSY

In the morning pussy comes
Meowing in the hall,
She seems to think I've naught to do
But answer to her call.

And every evening when I am
Tucked snugly into bed
She jumps upon the pillow
And walks around my head.

MARION BOOTH, Grade VI;
Douglas Hall.

WINTER

Of all the seasons in the year
I like winter and Christmas cheer,
Happy children playing by
And high white clouds that hide the sky.
Snowmen, snowballs, snowforts too,
And at Christmas many things so new.
If you don't like Christmas weather and snow
Pack your bags and away you go.

MARGARET WINSTANLEY, Grade V;
York Hall.

Riverbend School,
Winnipeg, Man.,
February 25, 1936

Dear Plum Blossom:

I received your letter on Thursday afternoon. I am going to tell you about winter in Canada.

One day all the birds were flying South, then we knew that winter was coming. All the trees in our yard had gone to sleep and had shed their leaves. The flowers too had gone to sleep. Soon little snow-flakes fell. They were soft and were the shape of stars. In the afternoon children came out with their sleighs and pulled each other up and down the street. Some little children built snow-men like their friends. One day there was a Tally-Ho party that came up our street, they threw snowballs at us. We go on hikes and when we get tired we rest and then go skating. I ski at school quite a lot, but never at home. My sister andI are building a fort, we are nearly finished. On the cold nights we have fires to keep us warm. Nearly every week great big snow plows come and clean the streets. We have sweepers too for the street-car tracks. They blow all the snow on to the sidewalks. The people turn their backs when the sweeper comes along for they do not want to get snow in their faces. I will send you some pictures of the sporting in Canada.

Your Canadian friend,

ELEANOR.

Eleanor South, Grade IV;
Garry Hall.

BED TIME

When the clock strikes eight
It's getting very late,
And Mother's calling "Shirley,"
So now I've got to hurry,
For morning isn't very far away.

Shirley M. Pinfold, Grade VI;
Garry Hall.

THE DWARF TINKLE-BELL

All dwarfs are mischievous things,
And of course they haven't any wings.
Their skin is tanned brown,
If you saw one, you would think it was a clown.

This little one is named Tinkle-Bell,—
Where he lives I cannot tell,—
He is about one inch tall
And he hides in a crack in the garden wall.

One day as I was playing near the garden wall
With my red and yellow ball,
All of a sudden I heard a noise and turned around
And sow a dwarf on the ground.

He had a green suit,
One orange and one green boot.
I remember him well,—
That little fairy Tinkle-Bell.

BETTY JOHNSTON, Grade IV;
York Hall.

FAIRY LAND

As I jumped out of bed on Friday morning I had a sudden feeling that something very lovely and important was about to happen. The trees were covered with a thick fairy-like hoar frost and everything seemed to promise some magic development. Suddnly I felt a funny sort of tickling on my leg and, lo and behold! who should it be but a little frost fairy. The fairy was dressed in a white gauze dress with silver stars scattered on it. She had a silver crown on her head and a silver wand in her hand. She said, "Helen, would you like to go to Fairyland?"

I replied, "Why certainly, Fairy Queen (she looked very much like one), I'd just love to."

So we got on a cloud and Hokus Pokus! we were in Fairyland.

Fairyland was all in hoar frost too. I stayed there two days and I had a lovely time. I hope some day you may have the chance to go to see Fairy Land.

HELEN PALK, Grade V:
York Hall.

MY GARDEN

I have a little garden
With ponds, where lilies grow;
I have a swimming pool,
And flowers as white as snow.

A little goblin guards it
To keep the gnomes away,
For every time they ramble in,
"Get out!" is what I say.

In the evening when the sun sets
My garden's all aglow;
In the morning when the dew falls
Flowers sparkle in a row.

NANCY WALLICK, Grade IV:
Douglas Hall.

A DAHLIA

First I was a little seed in a white world all closed in. I was big to the others. It was very dull. Then one day I was lifted out of the shop. They took me home and planted me in a black world. Pretty soon I sprouted out a little green stem. Before I knew it I had buds on me, then a little pink flower growing bigger and bigger. I had bloomed. My friends had buds on them. In two days I was picked and was said to be the nicest of all dahlias.

Betty Johnston, Grade IV;
York Hall.



Alumnae

Royal Academy of Dramatic Art,
62 Gower Street, London, W. C. 1,
6th April, 1936.

Dear *Vox Fluminis*:

I, your first student editor, am very interested to hear of your well-being, and pleased to re-establish the old contact.

Here in London, the old days of our little office, recruited from one of the practice rooms, with its green baize table on which our feet reposed in what we imagined to be true editorial fashion, and the classes missed in order to "correct proofs" or to dog the heels of possible advertisers—they seem very far away, but none-the-less clear.

Since I wrote last April, much has happened. My mother came over to see me and on the day she landed in England I tried the entrance test of the Royal Academy of Dramatics and succeeded in passing it. The following three months formed my first term there. Mother spent a week with us (Betty Dailley and myself) in our tiny old mews flat, and it formed our base from which we set out on our Jubilee sight-seeing tours and celebrations.

On May 9th Mother took her departure for the continent, Betty and I, with many regrets, left our flat to move out of town for the summer, and soon after I began my course at the academy.

My work occupied almost all my time. The classes were made up of the most varied types and nationalities of students. There are about three hundred altogether, divided into classes of about twenty. Each new term brings in about sixty new students—three more classes. In our first term we did one Greek play translation, one Shakespeare, and one modern, aside from our classes in fencing, dancing, mime, gesture, diction, voice production, and lectures. The course is supposedly two years, or six terms; but one's progress depends on one's "remove" at the end of each term. With any luck one can get a double remove and so shorten the course a bit. I managed to do so.

Meanwhile Betty was very busy with a course of fashion-design. Summer came on gradually. I remember the day I first heard a cuckoo, out near Harrow; it was so lovely, quite unseen in the woods. We managed to get our driving licenses and several times we rented

a car and drove out on country expeditions. We spent Whitsuntide (one of England's numerous bank holidays, six weeks after Easter) near Windsor, in a little bungalow on the banks of the winding Thames, and went to Magna Carta Island and Runnymede where King John signed the Charter.

The International Horse Show at Olympia in June took a lot of my time and money. It was magnificent; the first horses in the world from all over the world; tremendous jumping stakes, and perfect organization.

The parks in London were so lovely in the summer; the Serpentine in Kensington Gardens, the lake in Regent's Park, dotted with sail boats—little red sails in the sun, and near the shores the toy boats of little children and old men; and Kew Gardens in lilac time.

I made numerous English friends at the academy, but it takes a long time to adopt the customs, standards and ideas of one country to those of a new, more crowded, and socially quite different country; and for the most part Bet and I preferred our own company, or that of other Canadians in London.

The summer holidays came at the end of July. Mother and I departed for a series of visits in Yorkshire. We moved around a lot, staying near the sea, and far inland, north and south. We had a particularly nice visit near Cambridge.

Then we returned for a week in London, feverishly rushing around, previous to mother's departure. We met Canadian tours in London, went to theatres, concerts and to the Russian ballet, and filled the time to overflowing.

Mother said good-bye early in September, and I soon went up to Yorkshire again to stay with friends, riding a lot, for the cubbing season was in full swing, and we spent days following the hounds. We drove out on the Yorkshire moors, wild and bare and ruggedly beautiful with only the yellow gorse and the purple and white heather in bloom.

Late in September I came back to London to prepare for the beginning of term. The autumn was magnificent. We went for drives on the south downs, in Surrey, out to deep and dark Epping Forest with its great huge trees and its carpet of leaves so deep and soft; the beech leaves of hundreds of years were fallen there. We watched the tennis international cup matches—Tilden, Vines, Perry and the others. We went to the modernistic Ballet Jooss, and to the world fencing championships at the Bertrand Fencing Academy.

On 4th October, my second term at R.A.D.A. began. It was more strenuous than the first, and doubly interesting. Our rehearsals were in the two theatres instead of in class-rooms as previously. I managed to get a small part in a very bad film, but it was an interesting and useful experience, and I learned how filming was done

and what the sets were really like. I made many more and interesting friends that term. Christmas was not long in coming.

In addition to work at the academy, I was rehearsing for the lead in a mine play—written, designed, arranged, and produced by two sisters, friends of mine, and graduates of the Dalcroze School of Eurythmics. It had three performances in January in a small West-End theatre, and through it I was lucky enough to get several valuable theatrical connections.

Also, I had another academy student started working in conjunction with Sir Richard Paget, scientist, on a new sign language, which he is evolving from all the known sign languages in the world today. It was designed to replace Esperanto, and to be a universal language, easily learned, and which everybody could understand. As there are literally over a hundred sign languages in use today, which differ only slightly and in details, Sir Richard considers that the value of one universal one would be incalculable. We eventually gave a performance of a play to illustrate it, and to it, by invitation came a most novel and varied audience: delegates from the League of Nations, representatives from the ministry of education, officials from the headquarters of the Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, and Deaf Mute organizations, H. G. Wells, the Chinese and Japanese ambassadors, and people from the Imperial Institute of Science.

On January 20th, at 11.50 P.M., His Majesty King George V died and England went into mourning. The 28th saw the sad and dignified procession wend its way to Windsor amid the hundreds of thousands of people lining the streets along which the royal route lay. Over the heads of a crowd of fifty or sixty deep, from the top of a high step-ladder I watched the impressive march.

Betty Dailley left for home early in January and I moved into "digs" with a friend from the academy. My third term did not begin very auspiciously, for I missed classes for various interviews and auditions in the efforts at getting a job. I succeeded in getting a film test at one of the big studios. That was a very exciting day. I was "made up" by an expert, with great care, put into the hands of the hair-dresser and then submitted to the tender mercies of production-manager, and cameraman. It lasted two hours. I stayed for lunch, and on meeting the sound-projection manager, discovered him to be a Canadian. He was very nice, and offered to take me around the other sets where three different films were being shot—one of them Maurice Chevalier's latest. I met the great "Maurice" and his French cast (the film was done in French and English) and later had tea with him.

But such adventures, rare though they be, are frowned on by academy authorities, and an effective stop was put to my attempts for professional work until the end of term was reached. However, by now, having go tintroductions to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s com-

pany and British-International Films, I tried what might be done there, with the result that I am now promised something in Paul Robeson's picture, now in production, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s picture starting late in April, and one with Clive Brook playing lead. It is not much, but it may be a beginning—who knows?

I am now on holiday, spending a week with my relatives in Kent. After Easter I am going with a friend to Somerset for a fortnight, in the depths of the country, riding and walking and resting, and staying in a lovely old farmhouse in a village, miles away from anywhere, where there is one train a day to a station seven miles away, and one 'bus which goes to meet it. Yes, such places do still exist, in England.

Later, I am going up to Stratford-on-Avon to stay with some of the Shakespearean company—old academy friends. After which my fourth and final term will begin.

It's a great life, of violent contrasts, sometimes exciting and happy, sometimes very unhappy and dull, and very tiring. I only hope that next year, if I am not entirely forgotten, and you ask me for a letter, I shall be able to point something accomplished and say: "Look—this have I done"—something created, something worth while.

Good-bye for this year, *Vox Fluminis,* good publication and any letters will be very welcome.

Your old friend,

CARLA LEHMANN, '33.

RIVERBEND ALUMNAE NEWS

Cooper, Dorothy—Received her B.A. degree last spring and this year will don cap and gown again to receive her B.Sc. degree.

Crawford, Betty—Graduating in Home Economics.

Coyne, Sally—Graduating in Arts.

Dailley, Betty—Home in Calgary.

Evans, Margaret—She is studying music in Toronto.

Flett, Eleanor—Attending the University of North Dakota in Grand Forks.

Haig, Edith—Is in second year Arts at the University.

Hay, Evelyn—Has spent the past year in England.

Hill, Isobel—Is working in Eaton's.

Kennedy, Beth—Working in Brigden's.

Lehmann, Elsa—Has a position in the Personnel department of Morgans Ltd. in Montreal.

Lehmann, Carla—Has spent the last two years at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London and she tells you all about it elsewhere in this book.

MacDonald, Weneen—Taking up Nursing in Toronto.

McFarlane, Ruth—Graduating in Arts. She is engaged to marry Lionel Chadwick.

McInnis, Helen—Will receive her B.A. degree from McGill this spring.

McIntyre, Mary Elizabeth—Is coming down with a B.Sc. degree in Home Economics.

Monson, Iva—Will also Graduate in Home Economics.

Nicholls, Helen Jane—Is receiving her degree for Institutional Management in Home Ecoonmics.

Ross, Audrey—Graduating in Arts.

Wilson, Elspeth—Is developing a strong right arm while taking a course in Physical Education at the Margaret Eaton School in Toronto.

Ward, Eleanor—Second year in Arts.

Davidson Thomson, Helen—Studying music at home.

Wiggins, Janet—Is being turned into a trained nurse at Rochester, Minnesota.

Young, Dorothy—Is married, has a small son, and lives in Toronto.

The majority of the Grade XI class of 1935 have gone to University. Ferne Cairnes, Marion McCurdy, Nancy Morgan, and Catherine Walton have stayed together and are in first year Home Economics. Margaret Aldous and Katherine Hall are both in Arts, at the University. Betty MacKay is in Arts at Wesley. Mary MacFarlane is taking Grade XII at Kelvin and Isobel Hutchinson is taking Grade XII at Riverbend. Willa Harvey is at Riverbend, in Grade XIII. Aline Harvey is at Normal School. Inas Helen George, Eleanor Ward, and Edith Haig are in second year Arts at the University. Monica Cave has been attending the Angus Business College.

MURIEL BETH GOURLEY, '32.



House Notes

On Friday, September 13th, the first house-meetings were held, at which new members were welcomed, and officers elected. The annual house-picnics took place September 20th, York meeting in Assiniboine Park, Garry in Fort Garry, and Douglas at Charleswood. Just before Christmas each house took care of a family, providing it with a hamper, clothes, and toys. At field-day, the senior cup was won by York Hall, and the junior cup by Douglas Hall.



COUNCIL

Back Row (left to right)—Iris Norman, Agnes Richardson, Betty Newcombe, Lydia Klein, Dorothy Forsyth.
Front Row—Dossie MacLean, June Edmison, Shirley Muddiman, Betty Moxon, Edna Pinfold.

GARRY HALL

Edna Pinfold—President	1034 Wellington Crescent
Agnes Richardson—Secretary	475 Wellington Crescent
Betty Newcombe—Sports Captain	98 Home St.
Isobel Hutchison	38 Balmoral Place
Frances Teakles	77 Spence St.
Gwen Ramsay	320 Yale Ave.
Molly Moscarella	303 Kingsway
Dora Marchant	48 Roslyn Road
Constance Guy	207 Hertford Blvd., Tuxedo
Winnifred Davidson	856 Palmerston Ave.
Judy Bennett	231 Kingsway
Eleanor Earle	Cross Lake, Manitoba
Ruth Edgar	105 Brock
Lois Harvey	923 Byng Place, Fort Garry
Marjorie McKinnell	120 Canora Street
Patricia Murray	728 South Drive, Fort Garry
Patricia Veysey	849 Wolseley Ave.
Barbara Allen	223 Munroe Ave., East Kildonan
Catherine Bingeman	342 Dromore Ave.
Anna May Coghill	9 Lincoln Apts.
Phyllis Chester	Royal Alexandra Hotel
Joan Davidson	Ste. 1 Tuxedo Apts., Langside
Marguerite McDonald	52 Balmoral Place
Mary McLeod	Ste. 2 Alcalde Apts.
Betty J. McCarten	127 Harrow
Doris Pelkey	Ste. 16 Layton Apts., Corydon
Ann Phelps	73 East Gate
Shirley Pinfold	1034 Wellington Crescent
Ann Forlong	295 Dromore Ave.
Isobel Bilton	108 Colony St.
Elizabeth Gilchrist	1015 Wellington Crescent
Daphne Stanley-Harris	145 Middle Gate
Eleanor South	92 Niagara St.
Lylah Thomson	68 Langside St.
Barbara Jean Forlong	295 Dromore Ave.
Gail Graham	69 Middle Gate
Mary Mackay	157 West Gate
Frances Sigurdson	104 Home St.
Marjory Lynn McIntyre	258 Dromore
Phyllis Graham	184 West Gate

Miss Wilson	520 Crawford St., Toronto, Ont.
Mrs. Price	124 Walnut
Miss Henley	420 Earle St., Kingston, Ont.

DOUGLAS HALL

Dossie MacLean—President	225 Arlington St
Morna Kenny—Secretary	1045 Dorchester
Iris Norman—Sports Captain	775 North Drive, Fort Garry
Willa Harvey	923 Byng Place, Fort Garry
Dorothy McLaren	51 Alloway Ave.
Shirley Muddiman (Head Girl)	244 Elm St.
Ruth Wood	200 Elm St.
Eleanor MacInnes	798 Grosvenor
Marilyn Wilson	Dryden, Ontario
Pat Leistikow	Imperial Bldg. Supplies, Moose Jaw
Peggy Murray	728 South Drive, Fort Garry
Marjorie Gardiner	89 Scotia St.
Caroline Harris	125 Wellington Crescent
Verna MacLachlan	1st Street, The Pas
Margaret Dowler	81 Waterloo
Ferne Lount	214 Overdale St., St. James
Mary Harris	125 Wellington Crescent
Roberta Jean McQueen	283 Yale Ave.
Shirley McLean	405 Devon Court
Hope Anstie	260 Roslyn Road
Joyce Johnston	71 Cordova St.
Barbara South	92 Niagara St.
Lorna Aikins	218 Roslyn Road
Winnifred Ruth McIntyre	258 Dromore
Barbara Ann King	1150 Grosvenor
Ruth Sanderson	Ste. 2 DeBary Apts.
Jane Lee	115 Brock
Marion Booth	1190 Wellington Crescent
Betty Devenish	Royal Alexandra Hotel
Joan Ross	401 Waterloo St.
Doreen Gibson	334 Elm St.
Nancy Wallick	160 Elm St.
Jane Sutherland	70 Cornish Ave.
Lois Donnelly	96 Furby
Doris Donnelly	96 Furby
Shelagh Sutherland	70 Cornish Ave.
Joan Kirkwood	8 Riverview Mansions
Virginia Hastings	203 Oxford St.
Joyce Irvine	371 Elm St.

Miss Macdougall	New Glasgow, Nova Scotia
Miss Gregory	262 Waverly St.
Miss Crawshaw	530 Rathgar Ave.

YORK HALL

Betty Moxon—President	121 Oxford St.
Lydia Klein—Secretary	14 East Gate
Dorothy Forsyth—Sports Captain	999 Jessie Ave.
Margaret Ross	227 Sherburn St.
June Edmison—School Sports Captain	Ste. 21 Royal Oak
Margaret Powell	Hosmer Blvd., Tuxedo
Maurine Stuart	Keeler, Saskatchewan
Janet Bartholemew	40 Ruby St.
Frances Heakes	Fort Osborne Barracks
Vivian Keeler	358 Assiniboine Drive
Margaret Bennett	231 Kingsway Ave.
Julia Dale	Ste. 3 Winnitoba Apts.
Margaret Graban	102 Roslyn Road
Louie Leistikow	Imperial Bldg. Supplies, Moose Jaw
Jean McFarlane	171 Arlington St.
Mary Rose Mackenzie	Ste. 1 Alcalde Apts.
Phoebe Macnab	1031 Durham Ave., Calgary
Mary Paterson	337 S. Archibald St., Fort William
Anne Shaw	Saskatoon, Sask.
Kathleen Benner	537 Basswood Place
Maria Kipp	1030 Wellington Crescent
Catherine Potter	20 Queenston St.
Gloria Brown	220 Waverley St.
Janet Edgar	105 Brock St.
Phyllis Hunter	305 Baltimore Road
Joan Sanderson	Ste. 2 DeBary Apts.
Margaret Jean Daly	35 Alloway
Rosamond Esling	190 Elm St.
Margaret Winstanley	320 Waverley
Joan Francis	188 Langside St.
Helen McLean	910 Wellington Crescent
Helen Palk	336 Dromore Ave.
Kathleen Richardson	475 Wellington Crescent
Betty Johnston	36 Purcell
Sherry Carruthers	226 Oxford St.
Eleanor Hall	611 Wellington Crescent
Mary Elizabeth Judd	336 Elm St.
Lorna Body	48 East Gate
Carolyn Sifton	555 Wellington Crescent
Joan Thomson	225 Kingston Row
Miss Grant	10440—83rd Ave S., Edmonton
Miss Shillington	Blenheim, Ontario
Miss Dunlop	107 Ruby St.

Humor

JUST IMAGINE . . .

Grade Seven with a tidy classroom.
Grade Eight not giggling.
Grade Nine all quiet at the same time.
Grade Ten with all the money for flowers collected.
Grade Eleven bell-ringer with her watch set right at nine o'clock.
All Grade Twelve helping to put up the benches.
Miss Carter with nothing to do.
Miss Rutherford and Miss Dunlop forgetting mail time.
Miss Shillington with a windblown bob.
Miss Henley with her gown on her shoulders.
Miss Gregory confused by the parts of speech.
Miss Wilson late for a class.
Miss Macdougall and Miss Grant giving away House points.

Edna—What have you been doing all summer?
Gwen—I had a position in my father's office.
Edna—I wasn't working either.

First Fly (on Grape-Nuts box)—What's the rush.
Second Ditto—Can't you read? It says, "Tear along this line."

June—My motto is: "Think before you speak."
Betty—You must find it very difficult to carry on a conversation.

The Mission will close with a Pie Supper, and we appeal to all our friends for their prayers and suport.

Kipling was a great writer. His books were nearly all successful except an early one called "The Light," which failed.

Janet (admiring new hat on Marilyn)—Darling, it's perfect. You look absolutely blotto.

Wanted—Lady Cook Housekeeper for small school; prepared for some rough work in emergencies.

Mrs. Price—"Zanzibar is noted for its monkeys——"
Joyce—"The British Governor lives there."

Miss Gregory—"Give an example of a collective noun."
Phoebe—"Garbage-can."

Miss Macdougall—"Margaret, what is an axis?"
Margaret—"An axis is the imaginary line on which the earth is supposed to take a daily routine."

Mushrooms always grow in damp places and so they look like umbrellas.

Miss Macdougall—"What is water composed of?"
Betty—"Water is composed of two gins—oxygin and hydrogin. Oxygin is pure gin and hydrogin is gin and water."

Algebraical symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

Miss Shillington—"They gave William IV a lovely funeral."
Pat—"Yes, it took six men to carry the beer."

Miss Shillington—"The Battle of Trafalgar was fought on the sea, therefore it is sometimes called Waterloo."

Miss Grant—"In 1658 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean and this was known as Pilgrim's Progress."

Mary Rose—The future of "I give" is "you take."

Miss Grant—"How would you translate 'Pax in bello,' Eleanor?"
Eleanor—"Freedom from indigestion."

When a lady and gentleman are walking on a footpath the lady should walk inside the gentleman.

Miss Shillington—"Where were the Kings of England crowned?"
Marilyn—"On their heads."

The Royal Mint is what the King grows in his Palace Garden.

Mrs. Dempsey—"What are the instruments used in an orchestra?"
Ruth Edgar—"Viles, cellars, trumpets, hornets, baboons, old boys, and bubble basses."

A person does not drown in the Great Salt Lake if he keeps his head above water.

Louie thinks a stratagem is a precious stone because strata means rock and gem means precious.

Miss Henley—"Use 'imposition' in a sentence."
Phoebe—"The man was an imposition in the army.

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March	Acquamarine
April	Diamond
May	Emerald
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July	Ruby
August	Sardonyx
September	Sapphire
October	Opal
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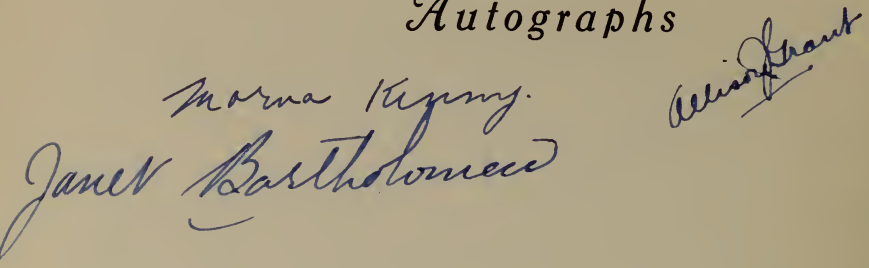






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